

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

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MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY:—PERGOLESI.

[FROM HOGARTH'S MUSICAL HISTORY.]

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI was born in the neighborhood of Naples, in 1704. He received the usual musical education of the time, but early showed a dislike to the intricacies of learned counterpoint, and a love of simple melody. After leaving the Conservatorio, or music-school, at which he had been placed, he received instructions from Vinci in vocal composition. His first productions were comic operas, one of which, the *Serva Padrona*, was in great favor throughout Italy, for many years. In 1735 he was engaged to compose the music of Metastasio's *Olimpiade*, for Rome, and produced a work of exquisite beauty. But by some strange caprice on the part of the Roman public, it was very coldly received; while another opera, by Duni, an inferior composer, was applauded to the skies. Duni himself, who was a man of a candid and generous spirit, as well as a good musician, was ashamed of the treatment Pergolesi had received; and not only expressed his honest indignation in strong language, but exerted himself to promote the success of his rival's opera, though without effect; and Pergolesi, disappointed and mortified, returned to Naples. After some time, he turned his attention to sacred music, and was prevailed upon to

compose a mass and vespers for a festival at Rome. These productions were heard with enthusiasm, and their reception was some consolation for his former treatment in that city. Whether, however, from infirmity of constitution, or from the effect of that treatment on his sensitive mind, his health rapidly declined, and he soon fell into a confirmed consumption. He retired to a small house at Torre del Greco, on the sea-side, where he lingered for a short time, and expired at the age of thirty-three. It was while in this retreat, and on the verge of the grave, that he composed those works which have especially contributed to render his name immortal :—the cantata of *Orfeo e Euridice*, the *Salve Regina*, and above all, the *Stabat Mater*, that divine emanation of an afflicted and purified spirit.

The death of Pergolesi excited throughout Italy deep sorrow ; a feeling which at Rome was mingled with unavailing regret for the injustice which had been done him. The *Olimpiade* was again brought out with the utmost magnificence, and received with enthusiasm by the same public, who, two short years before, had listened to it with a coldness which withered the young composer's hopes, and probably brought him to an untimely grave. This opera was first performed in England in 1742. It was received with much applause, and frequently repeated ; but it was obliged to give way to a more powerful and energetic music, afterwards composed for the same drama, by Jomelli.

Pergolesi's sacred music is distinguished by the natural and expressive strain of its melody, and the simplicity of its construction. Every thing in it has the appearance of the utmost ease, and yet it is that sort of ease which is the perfection of art, and is attained only by the highest genius. If the heavenly *Stabat Mater* has a fault, it is, perhaps, a certain degree of monotony, arising from the unvarying uniformity of the sentiment which pervades it. But this objection (if it is one,) belongs properly to the poetry, the expression of which is faithfully echoed by the music. Many beautiful pieces of Pergolesi's are found in modern collections, particularly that of Latrobe ; and some of them are frequently heard at our performances of sacred music. If the opinion be correct, that musical elaboration has reached its height, and that there is a tendency to return to the simplicity of former times, one consequence of this tendency will be a revival of the popularity of Pergolesi.

REVIEW.

The London and Westminster Review. April—July, 1839.Article III. *The Pianoforte.*

[Concluded from page 313.]

We shall conclude our extracts from the above periodical, by some notices of a few of the most distinguished pianists of the fifth or marvelous school.

"There remain still to be mentioned the most recent pianists who form what may be called the marvelous school. For, whereas those just dismissed thought it good to regard the capabilities and physical structure of the hand, and thus have written music within the power of any one gifted with the common complement of fingers,—these innovators have begun by defying the inequalities and feebleness of nature, and have thus produced works which are but little likely to penetrate from the *studio* or concert saloon of the professional artist into the chamber of the amateur. There is an amusing anecdote told of a Parisian woman of fashion, who, in a conference with her *modiste*, being hindered in the execution of some subtle invention by a most unwelcome increase of corpulence, exclaimed, with all the despotism of waning beauty, 'I won't have all this here! You must put it somewhere else!' With a like resolution to be stronger than nature, do MM. Henselt and Chopin appear to have trained themselves, and (though to a less extent) the most astonishing pianist who has hitherto visited England,—we mean, of course, Thalberg. The average span of the hand comprehends little more than an octave;—but their music constantly demands tenths, elevenths, twelfths, from the player. The third and fourth fingers are naturally the weakest and the most intimately connected together;—but, totally callous to this feebleness and brotherly union, Chopin (*vide* his Ninth Study, book second) calls upon them constantly to execute the interval of a *fifth*, under circumstances peculiarly harassing; while Henselt, in his 'Midnight Meeting of Ghosts,' (see his '*Etudes de Salon*,') insists upon the octave being struck by the *first* and *fourth* fingers, that the thumb may be free for a flight some notes further! So also has the position and the office of the said thumb been remorselessly revolutionized. From being the pivot of the hand it has been made to do

the work of an independent hand itself, while the fingers it once supported now play round it as accompanying satellites and subsidiaries. Flesh and blood will not bear that this 'movement' should be carried much further: but it must be noted, that these modern reformers have much greater excuse for their proceedings than the mechanists of the brilliant school. For their extreme measures are intended to encourage a style of composition in which,—however complicated, or strange, or rapid, be the ornamental passage,—the predominance of a broad flowing melody is still to be asserted, and the progression of harmonic changes to receive its last attainable enrichment.

"As a pianist, M. Henselt is perhaps the most marvelous among the marvelous. He has stretched and tormented his fingers—till the *desideratum* of the Parisian belle seems to have been attained—and they have been rendered capable of working his pleasure in defiance of nature and probability. Herr Rellstab, in one of a series of critical and personal notices, published not long since, in the 'Berliner Conversations-Blatt,' speaks of him as the admitted equal of Thalberg, Liszt and Chopin.—The first said to Moscheles, 'I can play all that Henselt can;'—but, adds Rellstab, 'if Henselt made the same remark with respect to Thalberg, he might add, *'and more besides.'*—For Henselt has power over music of every style and school; and in weighing the two, into *his* balance must be put all such merit and experience as belong to a composer—Thalberg's music being good for little, save when Thalberg plays it;' whereas Henselt's is full of idea and melody as well as of *tours de force*. Henselt is further described by Herr Rellstab as a very genius: in his manners untutored—wholly devoted to his art—and therefore not likely perhaps, to gain that universal popularity as a chamber musician, for the acquisition whereof, tact, suavity of address, and knowledge of the world are required. He is so nervous, moreover, as to lose a part of his wonderful powers when he enters the orchestra.

"By this allusion to the newest of the new school of pianists, we have been led away from him to whom precedence, according to chronological order, should have been given. But the peculiarities of Thalberg's manner as a performer—his soundness and richness of touch, whereby, and by a most judicious employment of the pedal, tone is diffused of a consistence, and to an extent, never attained by any previous player—the deliberate and expressive

delivery of his melodies, in which his performance, though less dramatic and passionate than Pasta's singing, possesses the same incomparable features of breadth and dignity—the amazing brilliancy of his execution never broken by an angular or an incomplete note—have been too recently heard in English ears to require a deliberate recapitulation. And Thalberg's characteristics, be it remembered, are as yet principally those of an executive artist. We agree with Herr Rellstab's judgment. With the exception of a few graceful *Notturni*, three Caprices, and a few studies peculiar rather than interesting, Thalberg has given to the world nothing but grand Fantasias upon operatic themes, and these possessing too few original features to warrant much augury being ventured for their composer's future career. Moreover, in his choice for performance of the works of other artists, Thalberg appears to avoid grappling with the highest efforts of thought and fancy. He will be always heard with wonder and delight; there is something, too, most engaging in his youthful and gracious presence—in the total absence of every thing like stage effect and quackery in his intercourse with the public—in his leaving all airs and graces to meaner and older men. But it must be confessed that there exists a wonder yet rarer, and a delight yet more exalted—those, namely, which owe themselves to the master-mind—than any that have been hitherto awakened even by his fascinating performances.

“As a composer, one of the most remarkable artists of the marvelous school is Frederick Chopin. With him we enter the circle of instrumental art as it exists at present in Paris; for though born near Warsaw in the year 1810, he has for the last seven years wholly resided in the French metropolis, and there gained his reputation as a chamber-player—his touch being too delicate, and his physical power too far behind the warmth of his conceptions, to make him eminent in an orchestra.

“This delicacy and exquisite finish have led to the rumor of his being one of Field's pupils. It was not so, however. Chopin, whose talents fit him for any profession, was not brought up to his art. He was educated at the college of Warsaw, and the course of his studies only changed in consequence of bad health. ‘Chopin never improvises,’ writes a friend, and one well able to appreciate him, ‘as a matter of course, or unless he feels himself thoroughly inspired; but if you have the good fortune of meeting him on one of these happy days—if you follow the play of his animated coun-

tenance and the wonderful agility of his fingers, which appear as if they were dislocated—if you hear the anguish (*pleurissement*) of the strings, which still vibrate in your ear after he has ceased,—you waken as if from a dream, and ask if the pale and fragile man you see before you can be the same as he who has so completely subdued you.’ It must be borne in mind that this character is a translated one. But there is much in Chopin’s works to bear out his enthusiastic admirer. Those who approach them will be at first repelled by their desperate difficulty. His very alphabet, as has been already hinted, appears to contain a double number of letters. His chords require a hand strained according to the new fashion—his passages appear to be written with a perverse disposition not to flow as the ears and fingers expect. Moreover, there is an indescribable *ton de musette* running throughout the whole—difficult in the first instance to relish. When, however, the peculiar humor of Chopin is understood, much that is excellent and original develops itself—a spontaneous wildness of melody—an elegance which, to quote a phrase of Landor’s, never ‘droops into languors’—a passion which carries along the performer to attempt passages impossible to him in less poetical works.

“There is still to be added to the above catalogue the name of Liszt: a name hitherto only familiar to the few in England. And yet, some fifteen years ago, when a young English prodigy, George Aepull, was going the round of our musical circles, the young Hungarian (for Liszt is a native of Hungary and of peasant origin) was also performing his impossibilities on the piano in London in the presence of George the Fourth. He was then for a time forgotten:—till some half-dozen years since, when the tales of Paganini’s long hair and slight figure were at their height, a companion marvel was naturally wanted for the piano—yet more eccentric—yet more a genius—with locks yet more profuse, and a countenance yet more desolate,—and the world began to hear again of Liszt! To speak seriously, the power, caprices, the inequalities, the wonderful genius, and the wonderful impertinences of his pianoforte playing, reached England in report—and with them Dantan’s caricature of the enthusiast sprawling against his instrument—before it became also understood that these were but the excrescences of husk, as it were, and that a sound kernel, and one full of life, was thereby concealed. As, therefore, a strong personal interest and curiosity has been excited among the musical public in England

with respect to Liszt, a few fragments may not be importunately given from the MS. journal of a fervent lover of art, who passed the winters of 1835 and 36 in Paris, and fell into the midst of the musical *virtuosi*, at the house of Ferdinand Hiller, who 'if he had not deserved a foremost place among his gifted friends as a musician, must always be remembered as a most amiable host.'

" 'Here,' says he, 'would come Cherubini, and Onslow, and Baillot, the violinist. The two former never performed themselves, and I remember that one evening that Liszt and Hiller had played a duet on the pianoforte with excessive brilliancy, Onslow, half applauding the splendor of the execution, half displeased with the *floriture* they had scattered over the composition, very innocently asked who had composed the piece. He was informed—and he had not suspected it—that it was *his own*.'

"I once heard the greatest living French poet observe that there were then but two people of GENIUS in the world—Malibran and Liszt. Certainly, out of a thousand first-rate men, anybody would in ten minutes select Liszt as one of the foremost of them all. One night in particular he gave a public concert in Paris at the Salle St. Jean. When the last duet began I chanced to be sitting at the end of Liszt's instrument. As it proceeded I felt such a storm of energy in his performance, that the boards on which we were placed seemed to spring with life. It was a crash of notes—a passion so intense, so vehement, so violent, that it rose to a strong hysteric, and the artist, after one tremendous sweeping chord, fell back in the arms of his friends.'

"With the name of Liszt the labor in hand closes; for being bound to omit all such professors of the art as have brought few additions to its resources, many admirable mechanists must necessarily be passed over.

"From what has been said, it will be readily deduced that our views of the prospects of pianoforte music are full of hope. It has been shown how that which is great and true in the elder masters of the art has not only stood its ground, but is increasingly made a rallying-point, while, even in that which is difficult and mechanical, whether in London, or Paris, or Vienna, there appears such a recognition of thought and purpose on the part of rising composers, as encourages us to expect that new styles may yet be invented, new works yet produced, based on sound foundations—and, therefore, of a permanent beauty and elevation. The chamber-musician,

for whose pleasure and guidance the foregoing pages have been written, cannot for an instant mistake the line of study which we would recommend to him—nor be unaware that, in such recommendation, we have had a regard for the intellectual and moral developement of his sense of the Beautiful:—as distinguished from the aimless and wasteful adoption of a pursuit as merely adding one to the pleasures of sense. It is not impossible that, on some future fitting opportunity,—after a rest of *many bars' length*,—similar epitomes of the history of sacred and dramatic vocal music may be attempted.

H. F. C."

THE CADENZA.

BY E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

[Continued from page 318.]

Lauretta perceived my relation to Teresina with envious heart; but she could not do without me; for notwithstanding her art, she could not study new music without aid; she could not read readily, and was not firm in time. Teresina, on the other hand, read what was laid before her, at sight; and was firm in time. Lauretta's caprices, and her violence of temper, made it a difficult thing to accompany her. The accompaniment never suited her: she considered it a necessary evil: she wanted the grand piano not to be heard at all,—*piano pianissimo*,—always to be indulged,—every bar to be played in different time, just as her mind's fancy turned at that particular moment. I now began firmly to oppose these whims. I combated her bad habits; proving to her, that without energy no accompaniment would succeed, and that the *portamento* in singing was very different from a total disregard of all time. Teresina assisted me faithfully. I now composed church music only, giving all the solos to the lower part. Teresina found no little fault with me, but that was a different case; she had more knowledge, and, as I thought, more feeling for the noble German art, than Lauretta.

We traveled throughout the south of Germany. In a small city we met an Italian tenor singer, who was on his way from Milan to Berlin. My ladies were in raptures at this meeting: he remained with them, attaching himself in preference to Teresina; and to my great vexation I was thrown much into the back ground.

One day, with the score under my arm, I was just going to enter their room; when I heard them in eager and loud conversation with the Tenor. My name was mentioned: I stopped and listened. I understood the Italian language well enough by this time not to lose a word. Lauretta was just telling of that tragical scene in the concert, when I had cut off her shake by my untimely striking of the chord. "*Asino tedesco*," cried the Tenor. I felt as though I must rush in and throw that flighty theatre hero out of the window, but I restrained myself. Lauretta went on, saying that she had intended to dismiss me; but that my earnest entreaty had prevailed on her pity to suffer me still to accompany her, in order to study the art of singing with her. To my utter astonishment, Teresina confirmed all this. "He is a good child," she added; "he is now in love with me, and composes only for the Alto. He has some talent, but he has yet to emerge from that stiffness, which belongs to the German character. I hope to educate in him a good composer for me, to write me a few good pieces, so little music being composed for the Alto; and then I shall dismiss him. He is very tiresome, with his constant languishing and caressing; and teazes me much with his compositions, which are as yet very miserable." "Well, I have got rid of him, at least," said Lauretta: "you have no idea how that man persecuted me with his airs and duettos: don't you remember, Teresina?"—Lauretta began to sing a duetto which I had composed, and which she used to praise highly. Teresina took up the second part, and both caricatured me in voice and manner most cruelly. The Tenor laughed till the room rang again, while an icy current ran through my veins.

My resolution was irrevocably taken. I went on tiptoe back to my room, which looked out on the post office. I saw the Bamberg mail-coach drive up, to be packed. The passengers were standing in the gateway, but I had a full hour's time. I put my things together as quick as I could, magnanimously paid the whole bill, and hurried over to the post office. When I passed the house in front, I saw the ladies still standing at the window with the Tenor, looking out to see the coach go off. I pressed back in the back ground, and chuckled at the idea of the killing effect which the bitter note that I left for them at the hotel, would produce.

Theodore sipped with great complacency the rest of the ardent Eleatica which Edward had poured out for him. Edward, opening another bottle and skilfully shaking off the drop of oil at the top,

said, "I would not have thought Teresina guilty of such malice and falsehood. That beautiful picture of her singing Spanish romances on the prancing steed!"

"That was her point of culmination," rejoined Theodore. "I still remember the strange impression, which this scene made on me. I forgot my pains: Teresina appeared to me like a superior being. It is but too true, that such moments have a deep influence on life, and that our turn of mind, our destiny, may be formed by them, never again to be changed. If I have ever succeeded in composing a bold romance, Teresina's image most certainly appeared in the moment of its creation clearly and vividly to my mind."

"And yet," said Edward, "let us not slight and forget the skilful Lauretta: let us rather lay aside all old feelings of anger, and empty this glass to the health of both the sisters!" They did so. "Oh!" said Theodore, "how the sweet odors of Italy play around me in this wine!—how it pours fresh life through my nerves and veins!—oh, why was I obliged to leave that glorious country so soon!"

(To be continued.)

HAYDN'S AND MOZART'S MASSES.

FROM THE LONDON MUSICAL LIBRARY.

[Concluded from page 285.]

But without insisting upon the correctness of the above proportions of one in a hundred and one in *two*, the immense number of Catholics among musical people must force itself upon the conviction of the most casual observer. Here therefore we have a pretty satisfactory key to one at least of the causes of the degeneracy imputed to us. Again, the cathedrals, where alone we have thought it necessary to adhere to the ancient forms in this respect, afford evidence in more ways than one to the same effect. Let us suppose for a moment that the cathedrals, as well as the parish churches, had been given up to the dominion of the charity-boys; where would have been all our beautiful cathedral music? Reverse the proposition: had the choirs been retained throughout the country, the effect may in like manner be estimated; especially when it is further considered that the music-meetings, which for the last forty years are acknowledged to have done so much in arousing public feeling, have nearly all emanated from the cathedrals.

No more, therefore, one would think, need be said on the effects of a more extensive adoption of the cathedral service, nor is it easy to conceive what could even plausibly be urged against such a step.

With regard to the present system, and the little functionaries, to whom the care of the national character is committed in this respect, an inquiry into the plan of education in charity-schools might possibly elicit some curious facts; for there is reason to believe that the rendering these children fit for their task, not only forms no part of the system, but that any attempt to give them as much instruction as would enable them to go through their duty with decency, would be discountenanced by the clergy. I was once informed by a professor, that a gratuitous offer of this kind from himself had been declined by the authorities of the chapel at which he officiated: and with regard to the general character and habits of these boys, it was said by the late Mr. Lamb, that you could not address an inquiry to one of them in the streets, without the urchin's at once making manifest his incipient raffishness. I was once thrown by accident, for the space of a minute or two, into the midst of a charity school, where were some score or two of these lads, disputing and examining one another upon the nature and attributes of the Deity. "What is *Gaud*?" (God) drawled one to another;—" *Gaud* is a Spirit," &c. If this is not ludicrous, it is disgusting; or more properly speaking, perhaps it is both.

In answer therefore to any thing that may be urged touching the effect of the voices of children in the churches, or any pretty analogies about cherubim, &c., why, this must obviously proceed at least upon the presumption that the children be well educated; that is, in a word, children who have some feeling as well as capacity for their task, and not a pack of ill-taught, slatternly, rude brats, raked from their nestling holes, to be set up under the searching eye of foreigners, as representatives and epitomes of the public taste; for no other purpose, it would seem, than to bring disgrace upon the country.

That the public is generally ignorant of the facts I have thus briefly alluded to, is certain: that it is for the interest of music that they should be made acquainted with them, is, I think, equally so. To what then is to be attributed the extraordinary silence of the press upon the subject? Did it not know the facts, or, knowing them, could it not reach the inference? It is to be feared, however,

that our independent periodical instructors, would, for the most part, commit their cunning pens to the flames, rather than give breath to opinions which might, for a time, be somewhat unacceptable to the public ear.

The music to which it is my present purpose to call your attention, is the grand masses of Haydn and Mozart, comprising the bulk of their church music, and which may with confidence be classed among their greatest productions. The Requiem (a funeral mass) is indeed pretty generally allowed to be Mozart's masterpiece, and it may be doubted whether any thing more is required than a better knowledge of his church music, as well as of that of Haydn, to give much of it a similar rank in professional, if not in public estimation.

Haydn wrote sixteen masses, not more than nine of which, however, were composed for full scores; viz. the first six, the ninth, the twelfth and the sixteenth. Except that some of the earlier ones contain evidence that the composer's genius had not yet completely freed itself from the trammels of the old schools, these works have few general characteristics which are not to be found in his later productions. There is the same unity of purpose, the same extraordinary construction of his harmonies and accompaniments. Haydn's notes have the most wonderful instinct at finding their proper places, of those of any composer that ever lived. Erasures, alterations, or additions to them, would be like attempting to improve the cupola of St. Paul's by pulling away one of the pillars, or thrusting in an additional one; although there are worthies who do not scruple to play these tricks with Haydn, and fancy they succeed in their object. It has been said by one of Shakspeare's commentators, that "in endeavoring to recollect any other author, in default of the right word, one may chance to stumble upon one as good; but in Shakspeare, any word but the right, is sure to be wrong." Here the reader has only to substitute "note" for "word" to have at once as good an illustration of one of the distinguishing characteristics of the great masters, (particularly of Haydn,) and of those of an inferior class, as could be conveyed in as many words.*

Although but little is known of the exact period of the composi-

* This must of course, not be understood to apply universally, any more than the commentator whom I have quoted intends any such inference with regard to Shakspeare.

tion of some of the latter of these works, it is, I believe, pretty generally understood, that most of them were written for the chapel of the King of Prussia, at a period long prior to Haydn's first arrival in this country, and that the well known ring was bestowed on him as a mark of the gratification they had given his majesty and the court. Among the Catholic congregations of London (for they were totally unknown to any other section of the public) the favorites are the first and the fourth; an opinion to which, however, I must be allowed to demur somewhat. The first, for instance, with all its undoubted and fervid beauty, has a strong leaven of the old schools, and is, upon the whole, better suited to what you term the *laudatores temporis acti*, than to the taste of the present age. The best things in it, viz., the opening Adagio, the Quintet in the "Credo," the "Benedictus," and the last movement, are also the most modern. The second and third are more original, and have more variety in every respect. The finest portions of the second are the "Gloria," the "Credo," from the Adagio onwards, and the concluding Allegro; to which last, with its thrilling bursts of the trumpets, and splendid *chairo scuro*, it would possibly be difficult to find a parallel in this or any other composer. The third is that most commonly selected for performance at the high festivals, as one of the most showy, brilliant and noisy of them all. It must be said, however, for Haydn's noise, that it can be listened to without the instinctive motion of the hands to the ears, which is found so frequently to accompany that of some of his successors. The first movement of this mass may be named as a specimen of what Haydn could do in the way of bravura writing, for surely it is a mistake to call it any thing else: the "Gloria," for brilliancy of effect, has, perhaps, never been surpassed. The latter part of the work is scarcely equal to that of No. 2; there is a movement in *cannon*, which is, at least, as remarkable for its dexterity as its beauty, or perhaps a little more so. The fourth is a general favorite among professional people, but is not without its weak points. It has, however, the finest "Benedictus" of them all. The movement, beginning with the words "Sanctus, Dominus Deus," contains one of those long *crescendos*, which, if they do not form one of Haydn's peculiarities, may, at least, be numbered among his greatest beauties. The fifth is one for the *laudatores temporis acti*, and to them I will accordingly leave it. The opening adagio of the sixth is another of the triumphs of Haydn's genius; and the mass, which

is almost all choral, is one of extraordinary beauty throughout. The next grand one is the ninth, the average beauty of which may, possibly, be somewhat lower than that of any of the preceding: it is, however, from beginning to end, extremely pretty: but the inspiration of the twelfth is quite equal, if not superior, to any of the preceding, and is sustained at the same level throughout. Perhaps after all, however, his *chef d'œuvre* is the sixteenth. It is more modern, and therefore more exclusively his own, than the twelfth; the finest portions of it being, as usual, the adagios. This peculiarity is not confined to Haydn's church music, but pervades the whole of his works: his Symphonies, Quartets, and Sonatas, at least, have all the same characteristic.

Mozart's masses are more popular than those of Haydn, and the public, (always meaning the above named small portion of them,) I believe, have in this instance authority on their side. The first, the third, the twelfth, and the Requiem, are certainly equal, at least, to any of Haydn's. But the truth is that besides the common generic resemblance which the music of all modern composers must bear to that of Haydn, there are some palpable traces of it in Mozart's sacred music, amounting occasionally to direct plagiarism: thus the origin of the concluding movement of the "Credo" of the twelfth mass is to be found in Haydn's seventh. Other instances might be named, from which the Requiem itself is not altogether free: nor is this to be attributed to any want of confidence in his own resources. Mozart's well known opinion of Haydn's music was sufficient to lead him intuitively to his predecessor's fine things, which he thus pleased himself by amplifying and enriching from the fertility of his own imagination. This, however, does not alter the fact. Mozart's finest mass is the twelfth, which is said to make a pretty near approach to, (if it does not actually rival) the Requiem; and assuredly it would be difficult to find in the latter any thing superior to the best things in the mass, which are the *Miserere*, the quartet and fugue in the "Gloria," the "Benedictus," and the last movement. The opening of the first mass, and the solo, quartet, and chorus, with which it concludes, must also be reckoned among this writer's intensities.

One word respecting those to whom at present belongs the task of giving breath to this heap of forbidden enchantment, screened from the general ear by what Lord Bacon has pronounced the most powerful of all talismans—a word.

*Quoniam
Cum Sancto
Dona nobis*

The three principal vocalists at the Catholic choirs are Miss Somerville, at Moorfield's chapel; Miss C. Novello, at that of the Spanish embassy; and Miss Betts, in Warwick street. Of these, the palm must undoubtedly be awarded to Miss Somerville, to whom for purity of style it would be difficult to find a match. The other two ladies, although both deservedly favorites of the public, (Miss Clara Novello especially,) must yield to their rival in this first great requisite for this music—simplicity, and depth of feeling. The gentlemen are but so-so. Mr. Wilson, the tenor at Moorfields, is perhaps the best. The choral part of the duty (no unimportant portion of it by the way,) being done gratuitously, in consequence of the present dilapidated state of the Catholic exchequer, it would perhaps be unfair to be critical about.

It is to be observed that this music might be sung as easily with the English as the Latin words, although the extraordinary *consistency* of any objection to the original words, from those who choose to go and listen to the Requiem (a thing saturated with popery) must be sufficiently obvious.

I remain, Sir, &c.

S. E.

NATURAL ÆOLIAN HARP.

In Kolb's topographical dictionary of the Grand Duchy of Baden, we find the following notice of a natural Æolian harp, in a wild mountain notch of the black forest of Preigsau, near the town of Tryberg.

Some soldiers stationed on these heights, near the end of the seventeenth century, several times heard wonderful musical tones proceed from the tops of the firs, which crowned the cataracts near them. In the notch of the mountain, a projecting rock breaking off abruptly, gave a singular opposite impulse to the current of air streaming up and down through it, and thus formed a natural Æolian harp in the boughs of the firs and shrubs, to the tones of which the dashing of the mountain stream furnished an accompaniment. This natural music is still heard on a windy night by the side of the mountain stream. The soldiers, impelled by that religious feeling which at those times was a prominent trait in the common people as well as in their superiors, looked for something supernatural. They found fixed on the highest and most beautiful

fir, near a clear fountain, an image of the virgin Mary made of soft wood, holding the holy infant in her arms. A citizen of Tryberg, Frederick Schwab, had fixed it there, in the year 1680, as a token of acknowledgment for his recovery at the fountain. The soldiers, taking the tones for the adoration of the angels paid to the mother of the Savior, made a tin cupola over the image, with this inscription, *Sancta Maria, patrona militum, ora pro nobis*, "St. Mary, patron of soldiers, pray for us." They also added a box for contributions, which was very soon so well filled, that they were enabled to erect a wooden chapel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Schlesinger will accept our thanks for his kindness in furnishing us with the numbers of the New York Mirror which contain the valuable biography of his late brother. We shall give an abstract of it as soon as possible; in order to make our readers acquainted with the character and talents of this distinguished musician; whose career, though short, has made an impression that will constitute a distinct period in the history of the art in this country.

An article 'On the influence of music on the intellectual powers,' is thankfully received. We had an article in preparation on the same subject, in which the valuable remarks of our correspondent will receive proper attention.

We have also received the program of 'the Fourth Semi-annual Concert of the pupils of the Albany Musical Seminary.' Will some of the gentlemen connected with that institution furnish us an account of its origin, objects, progress, and present state? An abstract of the past history and present state of musical operations in that city would also be very acceptable.

An article 'On the music of Oceania,' is received, and will shortly appear.

CONCERTS. The Handel and Haydn Society has already given two miscellaneous Concerts, on the evenings of September 29, and October 6. They will give the Oratorio of David on Sunday evening, October 20.